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Watson's Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1867.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE.

NOTICE.—The Publication Office of the ART-JOURNAL, will be, after this date, in Clinton Hall Building, Astor Place, next door to the Savings Bank, where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

Editorial Rooms, 806 Broadway.

Advertisements for the current week, must be sent in before noon on Friday.

MUSICAL AGENCY.—Frequent applications are made to us, for musicians in the various branches of the profession, Opera, Concerts, the Church, Teaching, &c. Parties who desire to be entered upon our register, can do so by applying at our business office, Clinton Buildings, Astor Place.

There is but little to record in the musical world this week, nothing of importance having occurred since our last. The Italian Opera closed its uncompleted season on Saturday last, with a matinee which attracted an immense audience. The Academy of Music was crowded in every part to its utmost capacity. We have rarely seen a more magnificent audience. The performance consisted of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Parepa-Rosa, Baragli and Ronconi; and selections from "Romeo," with Miss Hauck and Pancani. Everything went off to the satisfaction of the vast audience, and an unfortunate season was wound up by a brilliant success. A few such demonstrations on the part of the public would have sustained the opera with profit during its allotted time.

Mr. Maretzek has taken his company to Boston, but will return in February, for the purpose of producing Mr. Vincent Wallace's Grand Romantic Opera, "Lurline."

At the Theatre Francaise, Mme. la Duchesse continues as popular as ever, although the continued indisposition of Mlle. Tostee has shorn it of some of its brilliancy. Still the light, dashing music exerts a charm and a spell over large audiences, and the new Duchesse, Mlle. Longchamps, sustains herself bravely.

Accounts of the success of his opera in New York, have reached Offenbach in Paris, and have caused, naturally, unqualified satisfaction. Through his brother, he has addressed the following complimentary and gratifying letter to Mr. Bateman, who has done his work conscientiously and perfectly:

"PARIS, Nov. 9, 1867.

"MR. BATEMAN, Director of the Theatre Francaise:

"Mr. Offenbach has directed me to write to you. He has read of the success of "The Grand Duchess" in New York, and is very

happy to know it. He thanks you heartily for the pains you have taken for its production, which he has learned is perfect.

"He is very desirous to enter into an arrangement with you to send his scores of operas, when you may wish them, and to make a contract with you. Should you visit Paris, he will be very happy to see you on the subject, and will be delighted to arrange with you.

"Receive, Mr. Bateman, his distinguished consideration. H. OFFENBACH.

"11 Rue Lafitte."

The "Duchesse" having been promised to Boston, it can only be played a week or two longer in New York. In the mean time, Mr. Bateman is preparing another of Offenbach's operas, "La Belle Helene," which has been wonderfully successful abroad. This will give us another sensation, and will assuredly attract a series of brilliant audiences.

Miss Jenny Busk, the young American singer of whom we spoke last week, on her second appearance, last Sunday evening, more than confirmed the position we claimed for her. She met with a brilliant reception from the audience, being warmly applauded and unanimously endorsed. She was evidently more confident than upon her first appearance, and displayed her voice, which is pure, sympathetic and highly cultivated, to far greater advantage. She is an accomplished vocalist, not merely as an executant, but in sentiment and passion, and cannot fail to maintain a high rank in her profession. When she emerges from the ban of the great one-man power, the Juggernaut of Art in Fourteenth street, and is subject to the judgment of an unbiased press, she will at once step into her true rank, and will find everywhere a public ready to appreciate those natural gifts, which she has cultivated by so many years of earnest study to so successful an end. Miss Busk, we understand, will appear again next week.

Our readers should bear in mind that the second Philharmonic Concert is close at hand. Let every lover of art exert his utmost influence to secure on that occasion a larger and more brilliant audience even than that which graced the first concert.

We are looking daily for the announcement of the appearance of the Lagrange and Brignoli Operatic Combination, at Pike's new Opera House. Also the advent of the Richings' English Opera Company is near at hand. It is expected to open at the Academy of Music, early in January.

RE-OPENING OF THE PIANO WAR.

One assertion is good until it is disproved by another. One asserted fact is pretty good evidence until it is proved to be no fact at all. The re-opening of the piano war, in regard to the successful competitor at the Paris Exposition, presents a lively state of

facts for the searchers after truth, and the conflict promises to be one of superior intensity. The victor cannot help crowing, since the defeated crows very loud indeed, and very long, although he has but a very poor case to make so much noise about. We confess we thought that the subject had been exhausted; for the only conclusion which could be drawn by unprejudiced minds, from the evidence advanced by both parties, was, that the Chickering Pianos received the highest awards of honor at the great Exposition of Paris in 1867. We were mistaken, however, for after a brief lull, a sort of tacit armistice, the battle was ferociously renewed in Paris, a few weeks since, the champion of the Steinway pianos being M. Oscar Commetant, a smart but flimsy writer, in the columns of that highly respectable Paris journal, *Le Menestrel*. This gentleman, who was in this city some years ago, and failed utterly to establish himself in any position, occupied many columns of *Le Menestrel*, in the vain endeavor to prove that black was white, and was most virtuously indignant at the house of Chickering & Son, for claiming the honors which it had received, and for maintaining the position which it had won; he declared that he was shocked at the way which it puffed its achievements, which, considering the cause he was advocating and defending, was the coolest piece of effrontery we have met with for some time. M. Commetant was soundly and justly rated by the editor of the *Figaro*, M. Giacomelli, and was very completely demolished by a reply from Mr. C. F. Chickering, which was published in the columns of *Le Menestrel*.

So long as the war was confined to Paris, we were content to let the fight go on unnoticed, but as it has again broken out in this city, we cannot refuse to recognize the belligerent state of things. The documents published on either side are really curious, and especially worthy of careful consideration. Swallowing swords, clasp-knives and stones, are certainly remarkable feats, not calculated perhaps to assist digestion, but they sink into utter insignificance, when compared with the wonderful swallowing capacities of M. Fetis, one of the Jurors on Musical Instruments at the Paris Exposition. With marvelous *sang-froid*, he swallows his own words and his own facts as testified to (apparently) in Brussels. It is true that the process of deglutition was long and weary, for it took him from September to December to accomplish it. But he did it at last, and is now doing as well as can be expected. On his recovery we find an entirely new class of facts, which he probably arrived at, after reflection and consultation with the members of the higher juries. To render the matter perfectly clear to our readers, we subjoin his first statement, together with those of other